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ACROSS THE LAMMERMOORS.

It is a bright autumn morning, and our new Quadrant tricycle stands at the door, well oiled and ready for a journey. We propose to take a run from Edinburgh southward over the Lammermoors by the old Dalkeith Road. It is interesting to remember that this has been a great highway literally since the dawn of history. It was originally a Roman road, and formed for centuries the chief thoroughfare to the eastern Border and to England. Scottish armies, English armies, priests, pilgrims, Stewart kings, Covenanting lairds, Cromwell's troopers, Prince Charlie's men—how much of our country's history is suggested by the old road! About sixty years ago it was greatly improved by Telford, the celebrated engineer; and from then until the introduction of railways, was daily traversed by upwards of a dozen stage-coaches, and also by the 'curricie' which conveyed the mails from Edinburgh to London in about forty hours—all things considered, a wonderful speed. When the curricie approached any place where field-labourers were working, they would fling down their hoes and run to the roadside to see it pass. In addition to these vehicles, there were the heavy goods-wagons of Howey & Co. and other firms going to Newcastle and Yorkshire; besides numerous carriers' carts, so that there was not a busier road in the country. Now, all this is changed, and we meet very few horses, which is perhaps as well, for the equine race is not yet thoroughly reconciled to the tricycle.

The road is very undulating; for many miles it crosses all the valleys at right angles. The Saturday-afternoon pedestrian will remember the descent to Cameron toll, then the rise to Craigmillar, the descent again to the Burdiehouse Burn, and the stiff 'brae' beyond. But for every brae up which he toils, the tricyclist knows there is a corresponding brae down which he glides delightfully without any effort. Still, the ascent immediately beyond Dalkeith from the level of the Esk to the top of the Camp Hill is sufficiently trying, and although only two miles, it feels as

if it were a dozen. The top is, however, reached at last, and off we go down the other side at ten miles an hour. At the foot is a fine viaduct over the Tyne—one of Telford's masterpieces—having five arches, each upwards of ninety feet high, and with fifty feet of span.

We are now at the village of Pathhead, which consists of a single very steep street, up which lies our road. When we reach the top we come to a fine stretch beneath an archway of old trees, with the pleasant fields, now cleared of grain, on each side. The tendency of the road is still upwards, and at Blackshiels—fourteen miles out—we are no less than eight hundred feet above the sea. The time taken has been two hours. We are now close upon the hills, and are in sight of the heather. Soutra, in front, rises like a cliff, along whose face the road is cut diagonally. This piece of road is the steepest we have come to yet, but luckily it is not very long, and we are cheered by the knowledge that after this our course is all down hill. There are very few places where a road across the Lammermoors is possible; thus the range formed an invaluable natural defence to the Lothians. The railway to Melrose and Carlisle (the Waverley route) crosses a few miles to the west of this through a curious notch in the hills, at a much lower elevation than Soutra; but up to about a hundred years ago, this western pass was very little used, owing to the marshy nature of the ground and the number of marauders who frequented the district. For some reason or other, robberies on the Soutra road were fewer, possibly because of the number of vehicles and pedestrians continually traversing it.

The top of Soutra is upwards of twelve hundred feet above the sea, and the highest point in the road about eleven hundred. Near the summit, by the roadside, is a welcome spring of clear cold water called Trinity Well. A hind who has just quenched the thirst of himself and his horses, says: 'There's nae water like that atween here and Cheviot;' and it thoroughly deserves his commendation. Here we rest a few minutes to enjoy the view, which is enchanting. As the day

is clear, we can see, northward of us, Traprain Law, the Bass, Arthur's Seat, the Pentlands, Edinburgh Castle, the spires of the distant city, the variegated landscape which intervenes, the Firth, and beyond, the hills of Fife, with a suggestion of the Grampians on the extreme horizon.

Turning southward, we see the road stretching across the moorland plateau which forms the top of the hill. On either hand there is no sign of cultivation; but at this season we see miles of purple heather. The runlets seem undecided whether they will flow to the Firth of Forth or to the Tweed. On this wild moor stood the ancient church and village of Soutra. The village was a place of great resort, as a hospital for the relief of pilgrims and travellers had been founded here in 1164 by Malcolm IV., who richly endowed it with lands and gave it the right of sanctuary. In course of years it became one of the wealthiest hospitals in Scotland. Gradually, however, during the troublous times the hospital fell into decay, and its endowments were transferred in 1462 to Trinity College and Hospital in Edinburgh. After the removal of the hospital the village became deserted and ruinous: a few green mounds are all that now mark its site; while a single aisle used as a burial-place is the only memorial of the church. Near this is a piece of ground called the Bede-man's Acre, which was granted by James V. to a family named Pringle who lived here, and had hospitably entertained the monarch while travelling incognito. About half a mile south is the King's Inch, a common a few acres in extent, which has been used by drovers as a resting and feeding place for their cattle from time immemorial.

Pursuing our journey we come to Lowrie's Den, a solitary house by the roadside, which Sir Walter Scott—who knew it well—might have taken as the prototype of Bessie Maclure's house in *Old Mortality*. It was formerly a small inn, and was the scene of a murder at the beginning of the century. Two gypsies had quarrelled while drinking in the kitchen. During the struggle, one of them drew a knife; his wife called out, 'Strike laigh [low], Rob!' which the ruffian did, stabbing his victim to the heart. The murderer at once fled. Sir Walter Scott—then a young man—coming up at the time, gave chase, and after following him a couple of miles, he was captured with the help of a neighbouring blacksmith, and handed over to the authorities, by whom he was afterwards tried and hanged. Even before this, however, the place had a sinister reputation: several packmen or pedlars had mysteriously disappeared. No clue to their fate was got until one warm summer, many years after, the goose-dub or small pond opposite the door became completely dry and exposed a number of human bones, revealing the gruesome secret.

It was on the moor to the east of this that, in September 1745, the people while busy 'casting' peats for winter fuel were astonished by the unwonted spectacle of a number of dragoons threading their way through the moss 'hags.' These were some of Sir John Cope's cavalry, who had fled from Prestonpans, and having lost their bearings, asked in what direction Coldstream lay. On this being pointed out, they rode off as quickly as their tired horses could carry them, much to the relief of the peasants.

After two miles of the straight level road along the top, we come to the lip of the Red Brae, and then descend for upwards of other two miles at a good speed, time something under ten minutes. This Red Brae is beautifully graded, being a fine steady slope, just the right inclination to get the full safe speed out of the machine. From the head of the Brae, all Lauderdale is visible, as well as most of the Merse and Teviotdale, and in the distance, Cheviot's mountains blue.

At the foot of the descent is Carfrae Mill Inn, a welcome sight, for hunger now begins to assert itself. It is among the hills, is built where two small valleys converge, their burns uniting before the house. The view from the door, looking down the glen where the little bridge spans the stream, and the tiny hamlet beyond sends up its smoke, with the hills green to the top on every side, makes a pleasant picture. This rural paradise, although only twenty miles from Edinburgh, is almost unknown to the citizens, and yet there are few places even in the Highlands with finer scenery or better fishing; and this possesses in addition the nameless charm peculiar to the Border land.

For some miles the solitude of the dale is only broken by a few farmhouses; but from the marks of ruins here and there, the population at one time must have been much greater. The numerous remains of British camps seem also to show that even in the period before historical records there were more inhabitants in the district than now. Under the pressure of bad times and low prices, the large farms characteristic of the dale are no longer profitable, so that there is a tendency to break them up into smaller holdings, and this may result in the population again increasing.

The road follows the Leader—now a fine trout-ing stream—for some miles, and gradually the valley becomes better cultivated and more wooded. At the same time, as we are descending from the tableland of the Lammermoors, the hills on each side apparently become higher, although it is really the valley that is getting deeper. This part of the road is said by tradition to be the work of the Romans—it seems with some truth, for in course of making the improvements sixty years ago, portions of the original Roman pavement were come upon.

We now arrive at the small gray town of Lauder, with its old-fashioned 'harled' houses and slated roofs. It is a neat tidy place, and being far from railways and but little visited, is a characteristic specimen of an old Border town. The burghesses, who have the right of cultivating the town common, are a fairly thriving and industrious people. This is perhaps the last surviving instance in Scotland of the village commune, as the burgh is absolute proprietor of the common, which extends to seventeen hundred acres.

The slope of the road being still downward, we are able with little effort to keep up a good speed, accomplishing the seven miles between Lauder and Earlston in forty minutes. On the way we pass St Leonards, where lived in his old age Nicol Burn, the last of the race of ancient minstrels, and author of the fine song, *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*, which Robert Chambers says 'has evidently acted as an inspiration and

model to Wordsworth in his exquisite series of poems beginning with *Yarrow Unvisited*. These Border minstrels wandered about the country reciting the ballads which were afterwards rescued from oblivion by Sir Walter, and in return were hospitably entertained by their listeners. Burn died about one hundred and fifty years ago. It is interesting to note that Robert Burns is not the first of the name who was inspired by the muse. Further on is Blainslie, which gives its name to a species of oats now no longer grown here, but still cultivated, and much appreciated under the old name, in Aberdeenshire.

The next place is Cuddie's Ha', the reputed dwelling-place of St Cuthbert, when, as a boy, twelve hundred years ago, he herded sheep on the green hills by the banks of the Leader. It is only a humble cottage by the wayside, and yet it must be one of the oldest seats of human habitation in the country. We are now at the beautiful Carolside Brae, where, according to Thomas the Rhymer, the horse 'was to gang until the girth gawed [cut] its side in twae.' The road here is made along the face of a steep hill, a considerable height above the Leader, which winds through the green haughs below. The banks are gay with foxglove and marguerites, interspersed between great clumps of broom, some of which must be ten feet in height.

The next few miles down the valley are not surpassed for richness and variety by any scenery in the south of Scotland. In addition, it is the very core of the classic land of the Border, the home of Thomas the Rhymer, a vale whose charms have been celebrated in *The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes* and many other songs. After passing Carolside, where Kinglake wrote a portion of his *History of the Crimean War*, we come to Lowrie's Lowp (Leap), so called from an unfortunate huntsman, who, galloping down the hill and unable to restrain his horse, fell over the deep cliff into Leader and was killed. On the opposite side is Kedzlie, where the story is still told of how the guidwife had to make broth in the washing boiler and in all the available pots about the house for Prince Charlie's famishing Highlanders.

A few other traditions of the '45 still linger. One is to the effect that the barefooted Highlanders, while able to walk almost any distance over the springy turf of the north, suffered very much from their march along the hard Soutra road. They molested no man further than to deprive him of his shoes; in fact, after they passed down, it is said there was not a pair left in Lauderdale. The people of Earlston, when they heard of the clansmen's approach, hid in the Howe o' the Hope, a curious hollow a little above the road, which had been always the resort of their ancestors in times of danger; but they were unluckily discovered, and also deprived of their brogues. It was a peculiarity of all the Border villages, and a necessity of their position in a district constantly visited by war, to have a 'lair' or hiding-place, known only to the initiated; and this is the last occasion on which the Earlston one was used. But the Howe o' the Hope was also utilised by another section of the community. The witches from far and near assembled here every Halloween at midnight,

and danced to the strains of the bagpipes, which were played by an awesome personage; a scene somewhat similar to that described by Burns in *Tam o' Shanter*. For all any one can tell, this may be witnessed yet; nobody has ever had the rashness to put the story to the proof. A spring near at hand is still known as the Witches' Well.

We have now travelled together for thirty-two miles, and perhaps it is time to stop. Earlston is a pleasant little town; and we cannot do better than rest here, making our way back to Edinburgh to-morrow by the well-known Gala Water Road, invigorated and strengthened by our two days' run on the tricycle.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER XIX.—AU RENDEZVOUS DES BONSCAMARADES.

In the cosy smoking-room of the Cheyne Row Club, a group of budding geniuses, convened from the four quarters of the earth, stood once more in the bay-window, looking out on the dull October street, and discussing with one another in diverse tones the various means which each had adopted for killing time through his own modicum of summer holidays. Reminiscences and greetings were the order of the day. A buzz of voices pervaded the air. Everybody was full to the throat of fresh impressions, and everybody was laudably eager to share them all, still hot from the press, with the balance of humanity as then and there represented before him.—The mosquitoes at the North Cape were really unendurable: they bit a piece out of your face bodily, and then perched on a neighbouring tree to eat it; while the midnight sun, as advertised, was a hoary old impostor, exactly like any other sun anywhere, when you came to examine him through a smoked glass at close quarters.

Cromer was just the jolliest place to lounge on the sands, and the best centre for short excursions, that a fellow could find on a year's tramp all round the shores of England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland.

Grouse were scanty and devilish cunning in Aberdeenshire this year; the young birds packed like old ones; and the accommodation at Lumphanan had turned out on nearer view by no means what it ought to be.

A most delightful time indeed at Beatenberg, just above the Lake of Thun, you know, with exquisite views over the Bernese Oberland; and such a pretty little Swiss maiden, with liquid blue eyes and tow-coloured hair, to bring in one's breakfast and pour out coffee in the thick white coffee-cups. And then the flowers!—a perfect paradise for a botanist, I assure you.

Montreal in August was hot and stuffy, but the Thousand Islands were simply delicious, and black-bass fishing among the back lakes was the only sport now left alive worthy a British fisherman's distinguished consideration.

O yes; the yacht behaved very well indeed, considering, on her way to Iceland—as well as any yacht that sailed the seas—but just before reaching Reykjavik—that's how they pronounce it, with the *j* soft and a falling intonation on

the last syllable—a most tremendous gale came thundering down with rain and lightning from the Vatna Jökull, and, by George, sir, it nearly foundered her outright with its sudden squalls in the open ocean. You never saw anything like the way she heeled over: you could touch the trough of the waves every time from the gunwale.

Had anything new been going on, you fellows, while we were all away? and had anybody heard anything about the Bard, as Cheyne Row had unanimously nicknamed Hugh Massinger?

Yes, one budding genius in the descriptive-article trade—writer of that interesting series of papers in the *Charing Cross Review* on Seaside Resorts—afterwards reprinted in crown octavo fancy boards, at seven-and-sixpence, as *The Complete Idler*—had had a letter from the Bard himself only three days ago, announcing his intention to be back in harness in town again that very morning.

‘And what’s the Immortal Singer been doing with himself this hot summer?’ cried a dozen voices—for it was generally felt in Cheyne Row circles that Hugh Massinger, though still as undiscovered as the sources of the Congo, was a coming man of proximate eventuality. ‘Has he hooked his heiress yet? He vowed, when he left town in July, he was going on an angling expedition—as a fisher of women—in the eastern counties.’

‘Well, yes,’ the recipient of young love’s first confidences responded guardedly; ‘I should say he had.—To be sure, the Immortal One doesn’t exactly mention the fact or amount of the young lady’s fortune; but he does casually remark in a single passing sentence that he has got himself engaged to a Thing of Beauty somewhere down in Suffolk.’

‘Suffolk!—most congruous indeed for an idyllic, bucolic, impressionist poet.—He’ll come back to town with a wreath round his hat, and his pockets stuffed with ballades and sonnets to his mistress’ eyebrow, where “Suffolk punches” shall shortly rhyme to “the red-cheek apple that she gaily munches,” with slight excursions on lunches, bunches, crunches, and hunches, all à la Massinger, in endless profusion.—Now then, Hatherley; there’s a ballade ready made for you to your hand already. Send it by the first post yourself to the lady, and cut out the Bard on his own ground with the beautiful and anonymous East Anglian heiress.—I suppose, by the way, Massinger didn’t happen to confide to you the local habitation and the name of the proud recipient of so much interested and anapaestic devotion?’

‘He said, I think, if I remember right, her name was Meysey.’

‘Meysey! Oh, then, that’s one of the White-strand Meyseys, you may be sure; daughter of old Tom Wyville Meysey, whose estates have all been swallowed up by the sea. They lie in the prebend of Consumptum per Mare.—If he’s going to marry her on the strength of her red, red gold, or of her vested securities in Argentine and Turkish, he’ll have to collect his arrears of income from a sea-green mermaid—at the bottom of the deep blue sea; which will be worse than even dealing with the Land League, for the Queen’s writ doesn’t run beyond the fore-

shore, and No Rent is universal law on the bed of the ocean.’

‘I don’t think they’ve all been quite swallowed up,’ one of the bystanders remarked in a pensive voice: he was Suffolk born; ‘at least, not yet, as far as I’ve heard of them. The devouring sea is engaged in taking them a bite at a time, like Bob Sawyer’s apple; but he’s left the Hall and the lands about it to the present day—so Relf tells me.’

‘Has she money, I wonder?’ the editor of that struggling periodical, the *Night-Jar*, remarked abstractly.

‘Oh, I expect so, or the Bard wouldn’t ever have dreamt of proposing to her. The Immortal Singer knows his own worth exactly, to four places of decimals, and estimates himself at full market value. He’s the last man on earth to throw himself away for a mere trifle. When he sells his soul in the matrimonial Exchange, it’ll be for the highest current market quotation, to an eligible purchaser for cash only, who must combine considerable charms of body and mind with the superadded advantage of a respectable balance at Drummond’s or at Coutts’s. The Bard knows down to the ground the exact money-worth of a handsome poet; he wouldn’t dream of letting himself go dirt cheap, like a common every-day historian or novelist.’

As the last speaker let the words drop carelessly from his mouth, the buzz of voices in the smoke-room paused suddenly: there was a slight and awkward lull in the conversation for half a minute; and then the crowd of budding geniuses was stretching out its dozen right hands with singular unanimity in rapid succession to grasp the languid fingers of a tall dark new-comer who had slipped in, after the fashion usually attributed to angels or their opposite, in the very nick of time to catch the last echoes of a candid opinion from his peers and contemporaries upon his own conduct.

‘Do you think he heard us?’ one of the peccant gossipers whispered to another with a scared face.

‘Can’t say,’ his friend whispered back uneasily. ‘He’s got quick ears. Listeners generally hear no good of themselves. But anyhow, we’ve got to brazen it out now. The best way’s just to take the bull by the horns boldly.—Well, Massinger, we were all talking about you when you came in. You’re the chief subject of conversation in literary circles at the present day. Do you know it’s going the round of all the clubs in London at this moment that you shortly contemplate committing matrimony?’

Hugh Massinger drew himself up stiff and erect to his full height, and withered his questioner with a scathing glance from his dark eyes such as only he could dart at will to scarify and annihilate a selected victim. ‘I’m going to be married in the course of the year,’ he answered coldly, ‘if that’s what you mean by committing matrimony.—Mitchison,’ turning round with marked abruptness to an earlier speaker, ‘what have you been doing with yourself all the summer?’

‘Oh, I’ve been riding a bicycle through the best part of Finland, getting up a set of articles on the picturesque aspect of the Far North for the *Porte-Crayon*, you know, and at the same time working in the Russian anarchists for the leader column in the *Morning Telephone*.—Bates went

with me on the illegitimate machine—yes, that means a tricycle; the bicycle alone's accounted lawful: he's doing the sketches to illustrate my letterpress, or I'm doing the letterpress to illustrate his sketches—whichever you please, my little dear; you pays your money and you takes your choice, all for the small sum of sixpence weekly. The roads in Finland are abominably rough, and the Finnish language is the beastliest and most agglutinative I ever had to deal with, even in the entrancing pages of Ollendorff. But there's good copy in it—very good copy.—The *Telephone* and the *Porte-Crayon* shared our expenses.—And where have you been hiding your light yourself since we last saw you?

'My particular bushel was somewhere down about Suffolk, I believe,' Hugh Massinger answered with magnificent indefiniteness, as though minute accuracy to the matter of a county or two were rather beneath his sublime consideration. 'I've been stopping at a dead-alive little place they call Whitestrand: a sort of moribund fishing village, minus the fish. It's a lost corner among the mud-flats and the salt marshes; picturesque, but ugly, and dull as ditch-water. And having nothing else on earth to do there, I occupied myself with getting engaged, as you fellows seem to have heard by telegraph already. This is an age of publicity. Everything's known in London nowadays. A man can't change his coat, it appears, or have venison for dinner, or wear red stockings, or stop to chat with a pretty woman, but he finds a flaring paragraph about it next day in the society papers.'

'May one venture to ask the lady's name?' Mitchison inquired courteously, a little apart from the main group.

Hugh Massinger's manner melted at once. He would not be chaffed, but it rather relieved him, in his present strained condition of mind, to enter into inoffensive confidences with a polite listener.

'She's a Miss Meysey,' he said in a lower tone, drawing over towards the fireplace: 'one of the Suffolk Meyseys—you've heard of the family. Her father has a very nice place down by the sea at Whitestrand. They're the banking people, you know: remote cousins of the old hanging judge's. Very nice old things in their own way, though a trifle slow and out of date—not to say mouldy.—But after all, rapidity is hardly the precise quality one feels called upon to exact in a prospective father-in-law: slowness goes with some solid virtues. The honoured tortoise has never been accused by its deadliest foes of wasting its patrimony in extravagant expenditure.'

'Has she any brothers?' Mitchison asked with apparent ingenuousness, approaching the question of Miss Meysey's fortune (like Hugh himself) by obscure byways, as being a politer mode than the direct assault. 'There was a fellow called Meysey in the fifth form with me at Winchester, I remember; perhaps he might have been some sort of relation.'

Hugh shook his head in emphatic dissent. 'No,' he answered; 'the girl has no brothers. She's an only child—the last of her family. There was one son, a captain in the Forty-fourth, or something of the sort; but he was killed in Zululand, and was never at Winchester, or I'm sure I should have heard of it.—They're a kinless

lot, extremely kinless: in fact I've almost realised the highest ambition of the American humorist, to the effect that he might have the luck to marry a poor lonely friendless orphan.'

'She's an heiress, then?'

Hugh nodded assent. 'Well, a sort of an heiress,' he admitted modestly, as who should say, 'not so good as she might be.' 'The estate's been very much impaired by the inroads of the sea for the last ten years; but there's still a decent remnant of it left standing. Enough for a man of modest expectations to make a living off in these hard times, I fancy.'

'Then we shall all come down in due time,' another man put in—a painter by trade—joining the group as he spoke, 'and find the Bard a landed proprietor on his own broad acres, living in state and bounty in the baronial Hall, lord of Burleigh, fair and free, or whatever other name the place may be called by!'

'If I invite you to come,' Hugh answered significantly with curt emphasis.

'Ah yes, of course,' the artist answered. 'I dare say when you start your carriage, you'll be too proud to remember a poor devil of an oil and colour man like me.—In those days, no doubt you'll migrate like all the rest to the Athenæum.—Well, well, the world moves—once every twenty-four hours on its own axis—and in the longrun we all move with it and go up together.—When I'm an R.A., I'll run down and visit you at the ancestral mansion, and perhaps paint your wife's portrait—for a thousand guineas, *bien entendu*.—And what sort of a body is the prospective father-in-law?'

'Oh, just the usual type of Suffolk Squire, don't you know,' Massinger replied carelessly. 'A breeder of fat oxen and of pigs, a pamphleteer on Guano and on Grain, a quarter-sessions chairman, abler none; but with faint reminiscences still of an Oxford training left in him to keep the milk of human kindness from turning sour by long exposure to the pernicious influence of the East Anglian sunshine. I should enjoy his society better, however, if I were a trifle deaf. He has less to say, and he says it more, than any other man of my acquaintance. Still, he's a jolly old boy enough, as old boys go. We shall rub along somehow till he pops off the hooks and leaves us the paternal acres on our own account to make merry upon.'

So far, Hugh had tried with decent success to keep up his usual appearance of careless ease and languid good-humour, in spite of volcanic internal desires to avoid the painful subject of his approaching marriage altogether. He was schooling himself, indeed, to face society. He was sure to hear much of his Suffolk trip, and it was well to get used to it as early as possible. But the next question fairly blanched his cheek, by leading up direct to the skeleton in the cupboard: 'How did you first come to get acquainted with them?'

The question must inevitably be asked again, and he must do his best to face it with pretended equanimity. 'A relation of mine—a distant cousin—a Girtton girl—was living with the family as Miss Meysey's governess or companion or something,' he answered with what jauntiness he could summon up. 'It was through her that I first got to know my future wife. And old Mr Meysey, the coming papa-in-law'—

He stopped dead short. Words failed him. His jaw fell abruptly. A strange thrill seemed to course through his frame. His large black eyes protruded suddenly from their sunken orbits; his olive-coloured cheek blanched pale and pasty. Some unexpected emotion had evidently checked his ready flow of speech. Mitchison and the painter turned round in surprise to see what might be the cause of this unwonted flutter. It was merely Warren Relf who had entered the club, and was gazing with a stony British stare from head to foot at Hugh Massinger.

The poet wavered, but he did not flinch. From the fixed look in Relf's eye, he felt certain in an instant that the skipper of the *Mud-Turtle* knew something—if not everything—of his fatal secret. How much did he know? and how much not?—that was the question. Had he tracked Elsie to her nameless grave at Orfordness? Had he recognised the body in the mortuary at the lighthouse? Had he learned from the cutter's man the horrid truth as to the corpse's identity? All these things or any one of them might well have happened to the owner of the *Mud-Turtle*, cruising in and out of East Anglian creeks in his ubiquitous little vessel. Warren Relf was plainly a dangerous subject. But in any case, Hugh thought with shame, how rash, how imprudent, how unworthy of himself thus to betray in his own face and features the terror and astonishment with which he regarded him! He might have known Relf was likely to drop in any day at the club! He might have known he would sooner or later meet him there! He might have prepared beforehand a neat little lie to deliver pat with a casual air of truth on their first greeting! And instead of all that, here he was, discomposed and startled, gazing the painter straight in the face like a dazed fool, and never knowing how or where on earth to start any ordinary subject of polite conversation. For the first time in his adult life he was so taken aback with childish awe and mute surprise that he felt positively relieved when Relf boarded him with the double-barrelled question: 'And how did you leave Miss Meysey and Miss Challoner, Massinger?'

Hugh drew him aside towards the back of the room and lowered his voice still more markedly in reply. 'I left Miss Meysey very well,' he answered with as much ease of manner as he could hastily assume. 'You may perhaps have heard from rumour or from the public prints that she and I have struck up an engagement. In the lucid language of the newspaper announcements, a marriage has been definitely arranged between us.'

Warren Relf bent his head in sober acquiescence. 'I had heard so,' he said with grim formality. 'Your siege was successful. You carried the citadel by storm that day in the sandhills.—I won't congratulate you. You know my opinion already of marriages arranged upon that mercantile basis. I told it you beforehand. We need not now recur to the subject.—But Miss Challoner?—How about her? Did you leave her well? Is she still at Whitestrands?' He looked his man through and through as he spoke, with a cold stern light in those truthful eyes of his.

Hugh Massinger shuffled uneasily before his steadfast glance. Was it only his own poor guilty conscience, or did Relf know all? he wondered

silently. The man was eyeing him like his evil angel. He longed for time to pause and reflect; to think out the best possible non-committing lie in answer to this direct and leading question. How to parry that deadly thrust on the spur of the moment he knew not. Relf was gazing at him still intently. Hesitation would be fatal. He blundered into the first form of answer that came uppermost. 'My cousin Elsie has gone away,' he stammered out in haste. 'She—she left the Meyseys quite abruptly.'

'As a consequence of your engagement?' Relf asked sternly.

This was going one step too far. Hugh Massinger felt really indignant now, and his indignation enabled him to cover his retreat a little more gracefully. 'You have no right to ask me that,' he answered in genuine anger. 'My private relations with my own family are surely no concern of yours or of any one's.'

Warren Relf bowed his head grimly once more. 'Where has she gone?' he asked in a searching voice. 'I'm interested in Miss Challoner. I may venture to inquire that much at least. I'm told you've heard from her. Where is she now? Will you kindly tell me?'

'I don't know,' Hugh answered angrily, driven to bay. Then with a sudden inspiration, he added significantly: 'Do you either?'

'Yes,' Warren Relf responded with solemn directness.

The answer took Massinger aback once more. A cold shudder ran down his spine. Their eyes met. For a moment they stared one another out. Then Hugh's glance fell slowly and heavily. He dared not ask one word more.—Relf must have tracked her, for certain, to the lighthouse. He must have seen the grave, perhaps even the body.—This was too terrible.—Henceforth, it was war to the knife between them. 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' he broke out sullenly.

'I have found you, Massinger, and I have found you out,' the painter answered in a very low voice, with a sudden burst of unpremeditated frankness. 'I know you now for exactly the very creature you are—a liar, a forger, a coward, and only two fingers' width short of a murderer.—There! you may make what use you like of that.—For myself, I will make no use at all of it.—For reasons of my own, I will let you go. I could crush you if I would, but I prefer to screen you. Still, I tell you once for all the truth. Remember it well.—I know it; you know it; and we both know we each of us know it.'

Hugh Massinger's fingers itched inexpressibly that moment to close round the painter's honest bronzed throat in a wild death-struggle. He was a passionate man, and the provocation was terrible. The provocation was terrible because it was all true. He *was* a liar, a forger, a coward—and a murderer!—But he dared not—he dared not. To thrust these hateful words down Relf's throat would be to court exposure, and worse than exposure; and exposure was just what Hugh Massinger could never bear to face like a man. Sooner than that, the river, or aconite. He must swallow it all, proud soul as he was. He must swallow it all, now and for ever.

As he stood there irresolute, with blanched lips and itching fingers, his nails pressed hard into the palms of his hands in the fierce endeavour to

repress his passion, he felt a sudden light touch on his right shoulder. It was Hatherley once more. 'I say, Massinger,' the journalist put in lightly, all unconscious of the tragedy he was interrupting, 'come down and knock about the balls on the table a bit, will you?'

If Hugh Massinger was to go on living at all, he must go on living in the wonted fashion of nineteenth-century literate humanity. Tragedy must hide itself behind the scenes; in public he must still be the prince of high comedians. He unclosed his hands and let go his breath with a terrible effort. Relf stood aside to let him pass. Their glances met as Hugh left the room arm in arm with Hatherley. Relf's was a glance of contempt and scorn; Hugh Massinger's was one of undying hatred.

He had murdered Elsie, and Relf knew it. That was the way Massinger interpreted to himself the 'Yes' that the painter had just now so truthfully and directly answered him.

(To be continued.)

SUDDEN FORGETFULNESS.

Nor many things are more surprising than the lapses of memory one sometimes meets with in persons whose powers of mind, both natural and acquired, are considered to be much above the average. It would be folly to expect grapes from gooseberry bushes or figs from fir-trees; and it would be as preposterous to look for anything but unwisdom from the foolish; but we do expect wisdom from the wise; and above all we do anticipate expertness from the really clever. And yet, what breakdowns do happen now and again in the senate, on the platform, in the pulpit, and even on the stage; and not seldom the more skilful the person the more curious the catastrophe.

In a recently published letter of Thackeray's we have a description of the sudden forgetfulness he was subjected to at the Literary Fund dinner. He was one of the speakers, and he describes the affair as an 'awful smash.' Of the thread of his discourse he seems to have said, not in the words, but in the spirit of an old dramatist:

'Tis lost;

Like what we think can never shun remembrance,
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds.

But the experience of the author of *Vanity Fair* was far from being singular to himself. Others have got their pearls of thought and illustration into the wrong places, nay, some have even been so unfortunate as to lose both the pearls and their setting. It seems to have been a trying time for Thackeray, and he sat down afterwards and described to a friend what a fool he had made of himself; but his mother, who had contrived to be within hearing, came to the opposite conclusion.

The senate is not free from cases of sudden forgetfulness, though, in the days when it was considered out of place to use manuscript, the lapses took place much more often. Nowadays, a case seldom happens unless the notes have been disarranged or mislaid, or when the 'paper gives out.' But the thing does occur, and to front-bench men and back-bench men alike. Not long since, an ex-cabinet minister collapsed completely

from failure of memory, and he was shortly afterwards translated, perhaps by way of consolation, to the House of Peers. Only the other day, too, a member with a grievance made an 'awful smash,' to the delight of the house, through not being able to get at his notes; but he has had no consolation and little peace since.

On the stage, the prompter is the safety from forgetfulness; but in the concert-theatre, lapses take place. Even a great living tenor has been known to retire in the middle of a song he had been singing every week for almost a lifetime, because all memory of the words he wanted was gone. Such a case of sudden forgetfulness took place in one of the London theatres early in the present century. During the performance, which seems to have been of a mixed character, the gods in the galleries called for their favourite song, *The Sprig of Shillelagh*, though it was not announced in the bills; and Mr John Henry Johnstone, a well-known Irish actor and vocalist, came forward with alacrity and good-humour to comply with the wishes of the gods. Accordingly, the music played, but the singer stood silent and apparently confused. The symphony was repeated, but the same silence and confusion on the part of the vocalist took place in rather an increased degree. The symphony was performed a third time, but all to no purpose. At length Mr Johnstone came forward to the front of the stage and thus addressed the audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often that I forget the first line.' A roar of laughter greeted these words, and hundreds of good-humoured voices began to prompt the singer, who immediately gave the favourite song in good style, and gained increased applause.

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey the antiquary says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work, *Nine Cases of Conscience*, break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopped in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory; and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopped in the middle of a sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. 'Friends,' said he, 'I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers.' He meant himself. He fell on his knees; and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived.

The late Rev. Henry Ware of Boston was once in a similar predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence; but as he walked quietly up the aisle, a different impression was given to him. 'How did you like the sermon?' asked one hearer of another. 'Like it? It is the best sermon Mr Ware has ever preached. That pause was sublime!'

A good illustration of this sudden forgetfulness comes from the same district of Boston. A

worthy minister there is not only absent-minded and has a short memory, but he breaks down as continually as he breaks down suddenly. To counteract this, it is a habit with him, when he forgets anything, to rise again and make a few supplementary remarks, which he always begins with the phrase, 'By the way.' One Sunday he got half-way through a prayer from memory, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without pronouncing the closing word. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his finger at the amazed congregation, he exclaimed: 'Oh, by the way, Amen!'

It is said of Father Taylor, a preacher to sailors, that once, when he got confused, he cried out: 'Boys, I've lost my nominative case; but never mind—we're on the way to glory!'

We can understand a lapse of memory taking place when the mind is overburdened and unusual demands are being made upon it; but for a failure to occur when there is no stress put upon the mental powers is singular. Here is a case in point. We are told on good authority that a prominent Harvard Professor went into the old Cambridge post-office and presented himself at the place where the delivery of letters was made. He stood there silent, but apparently very confused about something. The clerk in charge inquired what he desired.—'My letters, please.'—'Name, sir?' asked the clerk.—After stammering and stuttering, the learned man said: 'I have quite forgotten my name!' The official knew the Professor, and with a smile handed him his letters.

'You will forget your own name next,' is a phrase often thrown at the stupid, and perhaps there would be some excuse for them even if they did so.

There is some consolation, however, in cases of sudden forgetfulness; the pity is that it does not come soon enough to benefit fully, and at times it is denied altogether to the actor. As for the orator, he knows afterwards that none but himself is aware of the valuable forgotten things, and the difference between the projected ideal and the actual performance. It would have been a great saving of nerve-force, and a pleasurable emotion to have thought of those two items before he had wished himself a thousand miles away, and before the room swam round, and before he burst into perspiration at every pore.

THE MYSTIC COMPACT:

A MARVEL OF MODERN SPIRIT-LIFE.

BENEDICT CLOUDESLEY was not a believer in or disciple of any system of magic or mysticism, nor was he a medium of intercourse with spirits. This fact should be clearly stated at first, as he always considered that his experience was the more remarkable from his being, as one may say, an outsider. He was not actually a sceptic; he had thought too little about such matters to have any decided opinion. He would occasionally cut a joke, after the manner of a good many other young fellows, when spiritualism was discussed, but beyond this he did not trouble himself.

It was not so with Mr Alfred Bince, his familiar friend, and a City clerk to boot, as was also our hero—to apply a title to which the latter was

far too sensible to assert any claim. But all Mr Bince's spare time was absorbed in mystic studies, and he often intimated to Benedict that even spiritualism with all its wonders—which he freely admitted and professed to be familiar with—was but meat for babes compared with the deeper secrets he had mastered. In company with a few earnest students, he had at last solved the mysteries of the ancient Egyptian and Indian magics, and expected very soon to wield their powers.

As a beginning, however, he recommended spiritualism as suitable for a novice, and was always urging Benedict to attend a séance of invitation, which appeared to be the sitting of several persons round a table awaiting the manifestations, which were sure to come if you only waited long enough. Cloudesley was a bachelor, and sometimes did not know what to do with himself of an evening, so at last he agreed to attend one of these invitation meetings—it was to be held next evening, the last night of the year, as it happened; and the result of which, his friend assured him, would be his complete conviction.

Benedict was hardly so enthusiastic at even this prospect as was Mr Bince; but he went, and a bitterly cold night it was, too—a frost, with a keen north-east wind blowing. The séance lasted about two hours, the lights being turned low, although not out, while all conversation was held in subdued tones. Nothing was heard on this first night; but the more experienced disciples explained that it was hardly ever known for the first night to be a success. There was no doubt, they said, from the powerful mediums present, that in two or three sittings they would obtain favourable manifestations.

The young man listened to this and a good deal more of the same, but was quite wearied by the dull, useless waiting, not inclined to believe in anything more turning up, and by no means disposed to attend the rest of the series. He did not tell his friend Alfred this, as he knew it would hurt his feelings; so, when they parted at a short distance from Cloudesley's house, Mr Bince promised to call for him on the next night, and predicted a brilliant success. Benedict answered with the best imitation of enthusiasm he could muster, and so they separated.

The young fellow was heartily glad to get into his own sitting-room, which, however, struck rather chilly, for the fire had been allowed to sink too low. Yet with his shudder at the cold as he took off his coat, there mingled a shudder which was of relief at having left the dreary circle wherein he formed part, and at having got clear from his friend's mystic talk, of which, as he muttered, he had had almost too much for one dose. He threw a plentiful supply of coal upon the fire, at the risk of putting it out; as he did so, the clock of a neighbouring church sounded eleven. 'Eight o'clock till eleven—three hours of penance,' he muttered. 'They talk of meeting an hour later to-morrow, the conditions being more favourable as the night advances. Let them meet if they like; they won't meet me.'

He lit his pipe, smoked in silence for a time, and thought deeply on the events of the evening. Whether he liked it or not, it was impossible for him to detach his thoughts from the subject, and his friend's arguments, wild and even ridiculous as he had fancied them, recurred with added force. 'But come what may,' he thought, 'I will never mix myself up with such an absurd lot, or be led by any arguments which my reason tells me are crazy fancies.'

'Yes, you will,' cried a voice.

This was a strange interruption, for not only was Benedict certain that there was no one else in the room, but even if there had been, as he had not uttered a syllable, the answer was actually to his thoughts.

He was a man of firm nerves, so was less startled than might have been expected. He turned, and saw a stranger quietly sitting on a chair, so placed that he, Benedict, was between him and the door, quite disproving the idea that he had just entered.

'You will believe in these people,' said the stranger; 'and I will prove to you the truth of those tales of magic at which you have sneered. I am Zafiana, the Chinese Seer.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Benedict, who at that moment fancied he had somewhere heard the name. 'But you do not look like a Chinaman; I should have taken you for a Volunteer.' He seemed indeed to wear a kind of uniform.

'Not like such Chinese as you know, perhaps,' returned the visitor with a contemptuous smile.

Benedict was not acquainted with many Chinese, but this remark appeared to have great force.

'I have not been in China for many thousands of years,' resumed the stranger.

'For what?' interrupted Benedict.

'My work,' Zafiana went on, without heeding the question, 'is in the West. It was I who worked most of the effects which are recorded in the *Arabian Nights*. As recorded, they are vulgarised; but they are all true, and much beyond them. I admire your doubts and your anxiety to see the truth, so I mean to make a convert of you. You will find it easy and pleasant to become my disciple.'

'I am not much of a spiritualist,' returned Cloudeley; 'and if you will excuse my saying so, I don't care about being one.'

'That is the reason I am determined to have you,' retorted Zafiana. 'You are poor, and wish to be rich—is it not so?'

'He is right there, however he knows it,' thought Benedict, but he might just as well have spoken aloud.

'Yes; I am right,' said the stranger; 'and I am here to give you your wish.—Do you see this ring?'

Benedict was obliged to admit he did, it was so prominently displayed on his visitor's finger, although he had not before noticed it.

'That ring is yours with all its powers. You have only to turn it—thus, and any wealth you may wish for is yours. Put it on now.'

With some reluctance, Benedict allowed the stranger to fit the ring on his finger.

'Now turn it and wish for a hundred pounds.'

Despite the objection Cloudeley entertained to the whole proceeding, he could not resist this suggestion—his yearly income did not much

exceed this amount. He turned the ring, wished, and in an instant a pile of gold lay on the table at his elbow.

'My eye!' he ejaculated.

'You are satisfied?' asked Zafiana. 'Then the ring is yours—on easy conditions.'

'No!—no conditions!' exclaimed Cloudeley, who thought of the devil and Dr Faustus, with a score of similar legends. 'I will not have anything to do with them.'

'When I tell you the only condition is, that you never go into No. 77 Badoura Street, Islington,' said the visitor, 'you may judge for yourself what danger or hardship there is in my offer.'

'Badoura Street, Islington; I never heard of the place,' returned Cloudeley, after a moment's reflection.

'I knew you had not, so proposed this as the easiest condition in the world.—Will you take the ring? Unbounded wealth; a thousand years of life, youth, and health, in which to enjoy yourself—is it worth while, in exchange for these things, to say you will never go into a house you have never seen and never will see?'

'It is!' exclaimed Benedict. 'The ring is mine!'

'Then farewell.' His visitor rose as he spoke. 'You will never see me again—unless, indeed, you go to No. 77 Badoura Street.'

'If I do'—began Cloudeley; but his guest was gone; the space where he had been standing was void.

Somehow, Benedict did not feel surprised or overcome; he seemed already to regard the magic ring as a thing of ordinary life and experience. Nevertheless, he resolved to secure himself from the slightest risk of entering the forbidden house, by leaving London for good. He would go and live at Brighton, a town he was always fond of.

He gave up his situation, and secured handsome apartments at the seaside. His mind must have been more affected than he had thought, for when he tried, he could hardly recall the processes by which these changes were accomplished, and he knew or cared nothing about the friends he had left behind him. Yet these latter came, as might have been expected, so often to see him at Brighton, that it was really like still living in the old circle. The great difference was in his abundance of money, which accumulated faster than he had any need of, so that he found himself wondering why he called for it in such quantities, and, moreover, what he should do with it, as it was lying in piles about his rooms.

He made up his mind at times to give a good part of this wealth to his friend Alfred Bince, but could never carry out this intention. Something always intervened, and Alfred came and went none the richer for his visits.

Benedict was staggered, on opening his newspaper one day, to see in bold type the startling heading: 'Dreadful Murder in Badoura Street—Arrest of the Murderer.' Fascinated, he read on. It was all confused and blurred to his excited nerves; yet he could make out that the crime was of a wretched, commonplace character, shocking enough in itself, but with none of the features which make such incidents the public talk for weeks.

'I am glad,' thought Benedict, 'I do not even

know where Badoura Street is. But perhaps if I did, I should'— His unfinished reflection was one which often recurred.

He paid occasional visits to London, but took care never to go into or even near Islington. Yet the name haunted him, so that he wished the donor of the ring had never mentioned the place, but had allowed him to take his chance, as, out of the million or so of houses in London, it was nearly impossible that he should have wandered into this No. 77 by accident. He found himself speculating over and over again as to what sort of a street this was, and fancying he should like to see it from a balloon or other safe position. He thought about Badoura Street almost constantly, until he felt that it would be best for him to go and see it and have done with it. Yet he fought against the dangerous fancy, resolving sometimes that he would go to Australia or some other distant country, to break this habit of thought; when it suddenly became necessary for him to go to London to meet his friend Bince. When there, some important business in which the latter was concerned required that Benedict should go to Islington. He did not completely understand the complicated business in which Bince was engaged, yet could not refuse to attend to it; and so, for the first time since that eventful night, and for years before, he found himself in the great northern parish.

It was impossible to avoid a wish to see Badoura Street, now that he was in the neighbourhood. He knew but little of Islington; and in the vicinity of Badoura Street—for which he consulted a local map—he was an utter stranger. He determined to walk across the end of the thoroughfare, and satisfy what he felt was his unreasonable, his absurd curiosity, by a single glance down it; but to do even this, it was necessary that he should find the place.

Such a confused labyrinth of streets and houses as he now found himself amidst, he had never before seen. Dingy, dull, twisting streets—streets of which he could not see the end—streets where the houses overhung the paths and approached each other until they touched: he marvelled that so obsolete a neighbourhood was allowed to exist, and felt afraid of losing his way in such a maze.

No trace of Badoura Street could he find, although he prolonged his search until he was weary. He was annoyed with himself for this perseverance, but could not give up the search. At last, with a mingled feeling of disappointment at his want of success and relief at being unable to run into danger, he turned down a thoroughfare in what he had believed to be the immediate vicinity of his quest, in order to regain what were to him more familiar districts. This was a long street, tolerably broad, but filled with poor houses and paltry shops. He walked slowly through it, for he felt tired, amusing himself with gazing into the shabby shops as he passed, when suddenly—for he had not noticed the dense black cloud which now seemed to rest on the tops of the houses—a heavy rain-storm burst overhead. He was just in front of a small eating-house, so naturally stepped inside the doorway; and the proprietor—attracted, perhaps, by the appearance of a person above the usual run of his customers—came forward and civilly invited the stranger to enter.

Benedict, with thanks, complied, and soon got into conversation with the shopkeeper, who was not too busy for a gossip.

'I have been in search of a street in this neighbourhood,' said Cloudeley, 'which I cannot find; perhaps you may know it.'

'I have lived here these ten years,' replied the man; 'and I believe I know every inch of the parish. What street might you want?'

'I have been looking for Badoura Street,' answered Benedict, who was angry with himself, even while he spoke, for introducing the subject. 'I made sure it was somewhere about this spot.'

'It *was*,' said the shopkeeper; 'but there is no Badoura Street now. This was it.'

'This! *This*!' echoed Cloudeley. 'Why, I saw the name written up, "Royal Princess Street." How can'—

'The name was altered in consequence of a dreadful murder—the Badoura Street murder, it was called, and you may have heard of it. It gave the street a bad name, so the parish altered it; and now it is Royal Princess Street.'

'What an awful thing! What a narrow escape I have had!' muttered Benedict, who found himself turning actually hot, not cold, at the idea. 'Your house, I see,' he continued aloud, 'is No. 40. Were you near the house where?'

'O no,' interrupted the man; 'that was on the other side of the way. But numbers is no rule, sir, as they altered them too. This, for instance, used to be No. 77'—

'What!—77!' gasped Cloudeley. He faltered here, and his head and throat grew hotter.

'You don't seem well,' said the shopkeeper kindly. 'Step into this room and sit down; there is no one in there.' He opened the door of a back room as he spoke, and Benedict went in, the landlord closing the door behind him and leaving him alone.

The room struck Cloudeley as being almost stiflingly warm, while some smoke or mist rising at the further end of the apartment made it obscure. He thought the place must be on fire, the heat was so great and the smoke so dense, although, strangely enough, it did not approach him. It was so unpleasant that, even though his brain was still reeling from the shock he had experienced, he determined to leave. He thought the door was just behind him; but he could not find the lock; and while he was feeling for this, and growing almost alarmed at the incident, his outstretched hand was clasped by another, and a voice cried: 'So we meet in No. 77, then, after all!'

He knew the voice; he had never heard it since the night he had accepted the ring—knew the figure of Zafiana, who was standing close to him.

This excited no surprise in Benedict, who now seemed to have been expecting to see him all along. His clasp was hot, while the atmosphere of the room seemed to grow hotter and hotter. 'I cannot stay to talk to you,' said the young man; 'I must go.'

'You must go! Ha, ha, ha!' Zafiana laughed in exactly the three syllables in which all such beings have laughed, in romance or on the stage, from time immemorial. Benedict had always thought this a ridiculous conventionality; but he now saw it was founded on fact, and doubtless

much experience. 'You must go?' repeated Zafiana. 'Do you know that you are talking to your master?—Give me the ring!'

Without any action on the part of either, the ring flew from Benedict's hand, and at that moment the burning heat of the room became almost insufferable.

'You have broken your agreement,' pursued the seer, 'and must pay the forfeit.'

'What forfeit?' cried Benedict, growing desperate. 'I agreed to no forfeit, and I will have nothing more to do with you.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Zafiana again. 'You have lost the ring. The coffers of gold and your splendid equipments have ere this wholly vanished. You will meet me to-morrow night at nine o'clock; then you will know the rest of the penalty.'

'I won't. I'll see you'—The rest of Benedict's speech was lost in another mocking laugh from the Chinese seer, who thrust his face close to his victim's; and his breath was so scorching, that, with a frantic effort, Benedict threw him off. As he did so, the room sank or melted away; and in an instant the old familiar lines of his lodging at Brixton became visible, and he found himself sitting in front of his fire, which had burnt up to such a size and fierceness that he was almost roasting.

He pushed back his chair, drew a long breath, and strove to collect his thoughts. He looked at his hand—the ring was gone! But then he remembered it had not been there when he sat down, and if he had been to sleep—But it could not have been all a dream! How long had he been under the spell? What day, or month, or year, was it?—Ah! There was his landlord coming in; he was on late duty, being a railway clerk.

Benedict bade him 'good-night,' and then, as calmly as he could, asked the date and the time. 'I am surprised you should have forgotten the date, sir,' returned his landlord cheerily from the hall: 'it is half-past eleven on the last night of the old year.'

'Thank you,' said Benedict.—'Then it is a dream,' he muttered; 'but if ever I go again to any of these manifestations, why, I will be content to have such another!'

In the morning he received a note from Bince, urging him not to forget that night at nine; a valuable medium had promised to come, a foreign gentleman, and he knew Benedict would be delighted to meet him.

'Shall I?' muttered Cloudesley, whose thoughts at once reverted to Zafiana and his appointment for that night. 'None of your foreigners or mediums either, for me: I will go to the play.'

And go to the play he did. It was rather cowardly on his part to do so, perhaps; but, seated in the centre of a crowded pit, he felt he could defy any necromancer or seer. He went home in good spirits, having got over the dreaded hour.

The next day he saw his friend Bince, who was in ecstasies at the splendid results of the previous night, and particularly anxious to get Benedict to witness their repetition on an early occasion; but the latter said: 'My dear boy, you are a truthful fellow, so I will not dispute anything you say. I will admit you do see and hear all

these things, but I do not think I could; I am not the right sort of fellow: my mind is not exalted enough. In any case, I do not mean to go again, for I never had such a nightmare as I got from your spirits, and which was all I ever did get from them.'

Never again did Benedict Cloudesley go to a séance, and never again did the Chinese seer present his ominous features to his gaze or utter his mocking laugh in his ears.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THREE very interesting papers have lately been read before the Royal Geographical Society. The first to which we call attention is that by Mr D. W. Freshfield, the Hon. Secretary, on 'The Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers of the Caucasus.' Mr Freshfield is well qualified to speak upon this subject; for he was one of the early explorers of the alpine portion of this district, which he first visited more than twenty years back. Owing to faulty surveying, it has been stated, and is still stated in various text-books, that the glaciers of this region are few and unimportant; but this, Mr Freshfield shows, is not the case. The Caucasus differs from the Alps in having no lakes; while the scenery, if less picturesque, is far grander in character. The atmosphere is pure, and the whole country is clad with forests, which are brought up to the very verge of the snow and ice. Mr Freshfield maintains that while the Alps are played out for purposes of discovery, the Caucasus offers a fresh field for the climber, as well as for the naturalist, the ethnologist, and geologist. He traversed one peak which was considerably over sixteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, and he speaks in glowing terms of the grand view presented to him from that eminence.

Another interesting paper has been read to the same Society by Mr John Stearns, who, two years ago, undertook at his own expense a journey of exploration through a corner of Brazil about which hitherto little has been known. This district is situated in the valley of the Rio Doce, and although it is within two hundred and fifty miles of the city of Rio de Janeiro, its natives are cannibals. They still wander about without clothing, and seem to be as little civilised as it is possible to imagine. They have no religion, and the only time that they seem to acknowledge a superior Power is when a thunderstorm bursts over them, when they throw fire into the air to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit. The reason why this district has not benefited by civilisation is, that settlers have passed it by; for the river already named is useless for navigation on account of its being intersected by falls and rapids; moreover, hitherto, tribes of fierce Indians have inhabited the dense forests by which the country is surrounded. It is probable that this neglected district may be opened up, now that this explorer has made known so much about it. Its chief product is rosewood, which we need hardly say is of great value.

The Ruby Mines of Burmah, about which we have heard so much since the British annexation

of that country, formed the subject of another most interesting paper by Mr Robert Gordon, who surveyed the ruby-mining district, lying north of Mandalay, shortly after the annexation took place. He tells us that the mines are of three different kinds. The first consist of workings in veins of soft material which are found in the hard rock, which veins are due probably to volcanic action in past ages. The second class of mining is by washing, and may be compared in a less degree to the hydraulic mining carried on in California and other places. In this case the clay is cut into a thin slice with an ordinary spade, and is then washed, so as to dissolve away the softer material, and leave any precious stones that may be encrusted within it. No attempt, however, has been made to employ water under pressure. The third class of mines may be regarded as the most important; these are found in the lower lands of the valleys, where, at a depth varying from ten to thirty feet, there is found a layer of corundum. The lecturer could not give any information as to the future of the Ruby Mines; but he said that with the careful handling which they were sure to receive under the new governors of the country, their mineral wealth could soon be rapidly developed.

A German newspaper publishes a letter from a correspondent at Dresden which tells of alleged frauds at the noble Gallery of Paintings in that city. It is stated that of the several pictures recently purchased at high prices, some are mere copies, others are works of inferior artists, while some are simply forgeries. Sixteen years ago, the authorities, out of their share of the French war indemnity, were able to purchase eighteen pictures said to be by old masters. It is these pictures which have lately been condemned. At the time they were purchased, it was stated by those who professed to know that the pictures were not worth the money asked for them, and that the reputation of the alleged artists appeared to be the standard that regulated the price instead of the artistic value of their works. This lesson comes home to us in Britain, where an altogether fancy value is often attached to the name of a painter regardless of the work which he produces.

Dr Schliemann, whose reputation as a discoverer is already widely known, has commenced excavations at Ramleh, a place, it will be remembered, which was last brought into prominence by the events which followed the bombardment of Alexandria, a few years back. These excavations are in order to discover if possible the remains of the Palace of Cleopatra. The work has been continued to a depth of about fifty feet; but its progress has been much hindered by local springs. Some stonework has already been discovered which is believed to belong to the building sought for.

We have already alluded to the circumstance that M. Pasteur has proposed to exterminate the rabbits at the antipodes by the introduction among them of the epidemic known as hen-cholera. In the letter addressed by him to the Agents-general of Australia and New Zealand, he not only fully explains his method, but he gives particulars of a remarkable experiment which at once shows its efficacy. Madame Pommery, the well-known champagne grower, had unfortunately been induced to breed wild rabbits in an enclosed vine-

yard of twenty acres. In a short time they increased to the extent of a veritable pest, and threatened destruction to the adjacent wine-vaults by their continual burrowing. In her distress the owner applied to M. Pasteur, who sent one of his pupils to the place armed with some recent 'culture' of the microbe of fowl-cholera. This was mingled with some food spread for the rabbits, and was quickly consumed. On the following day, all the rabbits were dead, mostly dying in their burrows. This mode of death, unlike that by poison or trap-methods, which have been largely adopted by the Australian colonists, is said to be quite painless. The animal affected wraps itself up in a ball and dies, 'to all appearance in a painless sleep.'

A resident at Herne Bay was lately walking along the beach near that place when he noticed a somewhat remarkable projection from a stratum of clay in the cliff. He at once saw that it was the fossilised remains of some animal, and with assistance removed it. It was found to be a tusk of the hairy northern elephant, which measured fifty-seven inches in length, with a circumference of seventeen inches at its thicker end.

The advent of a new musical instrument, especially if it promises to be of real use, is always an interesting event. Such an instrument has lately been invented by M. Dietz of Brussels; it is called the Claviharp, and, as the name suggests, it consists of a harp furnished with a *clavier*, or keyboard. The strings are of metal, furnished with an insulating covering, so as to give the tone of catgut strings, but without their liability to be affected by changes of atmosphere. But the most important feature of the Claviharp, and one in which it differs from all other keyboard instruments, is, that its strings are not struck by hammers, but are *plucked* as by the fingers of a harpist. Skilled harpists are so few in number, and modern orchestration so often requires their presence, that a great difficulty is often experienced in filling their places. The Claviharp is intended to fill this gap, and there is little doubt that it will do so, more especially as it can be played by any one accustomed to the pianoforte. At a concert in London recently, the capabilities of the new instrument were effectually demonstrated.

In a German botanical journal, a new method of retaining the natural colours of flowers when put under pressure for preservation has recently been published; it consists of dusting salicylic acid upon the leaves, and removing the powder with a brush when the petals are dry. Or the same acid may be used as a solution, one part of acid to fourteen of alcohol. Cotton-wool or blotting-paper impregnated with the solution is laid above and beneath the flowers as they lie in the press. It is said that red colours in particular are well preserved by this simple process.

The administration of ammonia and other alkalis as a remedy for the stings and bites of venomous insects has long been known, the theory of the treatment being the neutralisation of the acid poison. And as surely as autumn comes round, ammonia, soda, &c. are pointed to as convenient aids to the cure of wasp-stings. It is so seldom, however, that an authentic case of cure of snake-bite by such simple means comes to hand, that the details of such a case, published in the *Indian Medical Gazette*, cannot fail to be of

interest. The sufferer was bitten in the hand by a small cobra, and the usual symptoms—inability to stand, gasping for breath—quickly set in. At the same time the hand and arm were much swollen. Permanganate of potash in powder was rubbed into the wound, and hypodermic injections of ammonia diluted with water were administered at frequent intervals. The patient was also given draughts containing ammonia. Although apparently brought almost to the point of death, the man gradually took a turn for the better, and eventually recovered.

Although we have occasionally to deplore instances of individual bigotry or intolerance, we must all admit that the sure march of education has had the effect of eradicating these faults from civilised nations to a very great extent. An instance of improvement in this respect is afforded by the recent decision of the Italian government to issue a new edition of the works of Galileo at the expense of the state. We may remember that it was less than three hundred years ago that poor persecuted Galileo was forced by the authorities to do penance for publishing his opinions, and was made to declare that to be false which he well knew to be true. The works will be published in about twenty-five volumes, under the auspices of the university of Padua, and copies will be presented gratis to the chief public libraries of the world. A better monument to the first man who turned a telescope towards the heavens could hardly be imagined.

The great interest which has of late years been developed in the art of photography, mainly on account of the ease with which modern methods can be practised by amateur workers, is evidenced by the number of important Exhibitions which have taken place since the commencement of the year. Of these we may mention those at Nottingham, Gloucester, Dundee, Liverpool, and the most important of all, that at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. This last has been so successful in every way, that it will probably be repeated next year upon a still larger scale. In addition to these Exhibitions, there has been an important Conference of photographers in London, and a Photographic Convention with its headquarters at Birmingham is to meet in a few months' time.

Some account of the poisonous properties of the yew have lately been published, from which it would appear that the poisonous qualities of the tree are confined to the leaves. A very small quantity is fatal to the horse, the ass, and the mule; but it requires a far larger amount in proportion to the size of the animal to kill the goat. These observations may be new to many, but we may remind our readers that Gilbert White, of Selborne fame, was well acquainted with the poisonous nature of the tree, and gives several particulars concerning its action upon cattle.

A new form of Letter-copying Book has been recently introduced, in which the use of water and brush is dispensed with. The leaves of the book are so chemically prepared that they remain in a damp condition until after they have received the impression from the documents to be copied, when the moisture disappears on the application of blotting-paper. The importance of retaining copies of letters is known to all men of business; and probably more will avail themselves of that method of registering their transactions, when

they know that by this new plan the trouble of doing so is reduced to a minimum.

Mr Robert Irvine, Caroline Park Works, Edinburgh, has recently published, in pamphlet form, a paper which he read a short time ago before the Society of Chemical Industry. This paper takes the form of 'A Note on the Action of Bleaching Agents upon Writing-ink as a Means of detecting Fraud.' Mr Irvine has found that the age of written characters can be gauged to some extent by the action of a dilute solution of bleaching-powder, commonly known as chloride of lime, upon them. The newer the writing, the more quickly will it disappear. This discovery will be of obvious use in suspected cases of alteration of old documents, for interpolations can by it be made conclusively evident. The pamphlet in question gives particulars of the method, as well as details of other experiments in the same useful direction.

While different methods of dealing with that difficult problem, the disposal of the sewage of large towns, are constantly brought before the public, the sewers themselves give their own testimony, in the shape of evil-smelling and disease-bearing gases, that the present method of drainage is fraught with perils to health. Through every street-grating noxious effluvia are expelled, and nothing is done to remedy the evil. Keating's Sewer-gas Exhauster and Destructor is a simple appliance for both ventilating these unsavoury water-ways and for rendering the gases extracted from them innocuous. It consists of an upright pipe connected with the sewer, which for convenience can be crowned with an ordinary street lamp. Within this pipe is a special form of gas-burner, capable of raising its metallic surroundings to an intense heat. This burner in the first case raises such a draught that the gases from the sewer below are drawn into the pipe, and the heat from it then decomposes those gases into harmless products. Careful experiments have shown that the apparatus will do what is claimed for it at an expenditure of six cubic feet of coal-gas per hour, and that a single burner will effectually ventilate the sewers for a radius of about two thousand feet. The cost of maintaining the system can thus be roughly estimated, but we have no information as to the expense of the original plant.

Mr Brode of Glasgow has patented a method of utilising coal-dust, or slack, which is said to afford a convenient and efficient form of fuel. He mixes the dust with an adhesive solution made of water, ground-rice waste, and silicate of soda. The mass is well incorporated in a mixing-machine, and is then moulded into blocks. It is curious to note that fuel in block-form, although it has been in use for a great many years on shipboard, has only very lately been employed in the domestic fire-grate.

Mr Wigham, who is so well known as an authority on lighthouse illuminants, recently delivered a lecture on that subject to the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society. He was able to point to more than one lighthouse in Ireland where his gas system has been adopted with success. He pointed out how gas could be made to give as intense a light as electricity, with the advantage of possessing that predominance of red and yellow rays which are of such service in penetrating fog. In the course of his lecture, he

described several improvements which he had devised, including a method of doing away with chimneys round the burners. The plan consists in supplying under pressure a cylinder of air, which encircles the flame and acts as a chimney to it.

Captain Doty, who has for some years been noted for the invention of one of the best lamps for burning mineral oil, has lately produced a Gas-flame Lamp, or retort-burner light, which is likely to prove of great service to builders, railway contractors, and others, who require to illuminate large open spaces for temporary purposes. The apparatus consists of a tank to contain the oil, at the top of which is a special form of burner for vaporising it. This consists of a coil of pipe through which the oil flows, which coil terminates in a jet which is carried to its base. An air-pump forms part of the apparatus by which an initial pressure is put upon the liquid in the tank. In starting the lamp, a little tow saturated in oil is ignited within the coil, when the metal speedily becomes heated, and the oil within issues as gas. From this moment, the lamp is 'self-acting,' the flame itself giving the necessary heat to the coil which surrounds it. The consumption of three-quarters of a gallon of oil per hour is said to give a flame of five hundred candle-power. The lamp is quite portable, and in this feature lies its great value.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Herald* has recently published some interesting particulars of his journeyings to the Asiatic empires, where he had gone some time back for the purpose of introducing the electric light. He found that his mission was warmly espoused by the Japanese, and says that their principal cities are now lighted by electricity. The palace of the Mikado at Tokio is similarly lighted. The Chinese did not seem so ready to avail themselves of the latest advances in science, and his success with them was therefore not so pronounced. The Koreans, on the other hand, were eager to believe in anything born of the United States, and welcomed the new light. The king's palace was illuminated for the first time with three hundred lights on the occasion of the birthday of his mother-in-law, a festival not generally so much honoured in more civilised communities. But the workmen ran an uncomfortable risk in placing the wires, for, by the law of the country, no foreigner may look upon the features of the king and queen without suffering death. For this reason, they were carried to and from their labours in palanquins, while trumpeters were sent before them to warn any loitering members of the royal family to get out of the way.

In an article contributed to the *Provincial Medical Journal* by Dr Harley, F.R.S., the practice of moderate drinking and its influence upon health is dealt with in a masterly manner. The writer points out that moderate drinkers may be divided into two classes—namely, those who partake of stimulating beverages only at meal-times, and those who indulge in 'nipping' without at the same time partaking of food. He shows the danger of the latter habit in inducing liver and other organic complaints, by abstracting from the Registrar-general's Reports the death-rate from such diseases—for those engaged in such occupations—commercial travellers, brewers, inn-

keepers, barmen, waiters, and others—as are likely to lead to a temptation to take frequent 'glasses.' He then compares the result with the death-rate of gardeners, printers, farmers, drapers, and warehousemen, who are kept away from such temptation. The difference between the figures is startling and most suggestive.

Two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling for an egg-shell seems to be rather an extravagant price. Yet that sum was paid only the other day for an egg of the Great Auk. There is nothing beautiful about the egg, nor is carbonate of lime, of which it is composed, of any intrinsic value. But the Great Auk happens to be extinct, and only sixty-seven shells are known to exist. Mr Stevens, the well-known London auctioneer, through whom the egg was sold, has informed us that the purchaser was a dealer. The inference, therefore, is that the buyer expects to get a still larger sum for his investment. And he is likely to do so, for when the collecting craze attacks a human being, he thinks not of price so long as he can claim possession of the coveted thing.

Canon Bagot and others, both by voice and pen, have shown how the dairy interests of England and Ireland may be advanced by attending to many small details now neglected, and how a higher price may be secured for butter more scientifically prepared. In this connection we mention what is called a 'Baby Separator,' by the use of which twenty per cent. more butter can be manufactured from milk than from an equal quantity separated by one of the old systems of setting. It was exhibited for the first time in England at the London Dairy Show, where it was awarded the Lord Mayor's Champion Cup. Its price is £12, 10s., and its skimming capacity is twelve gallons per hour. It is made to be fixed on a firm table or stand, and may be turned by a young person, while the separation is as perfect as that of the larger machines. The larger Laval separators, as now made, are adapted to the requirements and the pecuniary resources of every user. The farmer or dairyman who has steam, gas, water, or horse-power available, has two machines, of different prices and capacities, to choose from; those who possess a steam-boiler, but find the use of an engine and gearing impracticable or inconvenient, have their wants supplied by the new steam turbine separator, which for motive-power requires nothing more than a small jet of steam; and those who have manual power only can take their pick from three hand machines. The agents in this country for Dr Laval's 'Baby Separator' are the Dairy Supply Co., Limited, Museum Street, London.

We note in this connection that the recent Report of the Departmental Commission finds that there is a great loss to the country through its want of knowledge of the most effective modes of dairy practice, and that to supply this want state aid is necessary. They suggest the creation of a new system of agricultural education, to be gradually carried out, beginning by meeting the most pressing wants, and by engrafting practical agricultural teaching on a limited number of existing schools, and to proceed on a well-matured system, capable of future growth and extension. The Commission is strongly of opinion that increased facilities should be given to agricultural

instruction in rural elementary schools; that a limited number of scholarships for boys and girls should be instituted; and that further inducements should be offered to teachers to improve their qualifications for giving instruction in agriculture.

THE NEW EL DORADO.

WITHIN the last two years two new towns have sprung into existence with a rapidity that is marvellous, considering the difficulties in the way of transport of the necessary materials for building purposes. Unlike the majority of towns of rapid growth of which one has often read, these two are not of American origin, but are situated in the Transvaal Free State, in South Africa. The older of the two is named Barberton, and is situated about three hundred miles to the east of Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal; while the younger, Johannesburg, lies between thirty and forty miles south-west of the same place. Both owe their rapid rise to the discoveries of gold which have been made in their immediate neighbourhood.

The place where Barberton now stands was, two years ago, occupied only by a few miners and prospectors, who had discovered rich gold-bearing reefs after long search. The news of the 'finds' soon became known throughout the whole of the South African colonies, and a steady stream of eager miners, speculators, and others, set in. The most popular way of reaching the new El Dorado from the Cape Colony was by way of Kimberley, the terminus of the Cape Government Railway, and thence by mule-wagon, a journey of some hundreds of miles, costing in the early days from twenty to thirty pounds.

Rich discoveries of gold continued to be made, and Companies were floated in rapid succession. Buildings of the roughest materials were erected, and were eagerly competed for, while large numbers of persons had to put up with the accommodation afforded by tents. Transport-riders were, however, soon busily engaged in bringing up the necessary materials for building purposes, the cost of carriage from Kimberley ranging from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per one hundred pounds. The town rapidly grew, and is now a handsome one, containing many buildings of brick and stone; while wood and corrugated iron have entered largely into the composition of most of the smaller dwellings. The population at the end of last year was about eight thousand.

Some months back Barberton passed through a rather severe crisis; for a time there was but very little work done on many of the reefs, nearly every one being busily engaged in dealing in the shares of the various Companies, which rose by leaps and bounds to many times their original value. This state of things could not, of course, go on for ever, and prices of stock began to fall with the same rapidity as they had risen. For a time it looked as though the days of Barberton were numbered. Many persons left for other places. However, machinery began to arrive from England; hard work was commenced in earnest, and gold is now being obtained in quantities which are steadily increasing every month.

While all South Africa was talking of Barberton, prospectors had been busily engaged searching for gold in other places; and about the end of 1886 rumours of rich discoveries at what is now

Johannesberg began to be noised abroad. Numbers of persons made their way thither, and the town began to spring up. Luckily, however, before building had proceeded to any great extent, it was discovered that the main gold-bearing reef ran right through the heart of the site which had been marked out for the new town. Building on such valuable ground was at once suspended, and a new situation fixed upon some few hundred yards away. Johannesburg grew rapidly; and the population is now estimated at about eight thousand, which, for a place that, with the exception of a few shanties and tents, was practically non-existent little over twelve months ago, is really marvellous. The cost of living at Johannesburg is high, butter fetching three shillings per pound, cabbages two shillings each, eggs one pound per one hundred, potatoes thirty-one shillings, and onions twenty-five shillings, per bag, and other articles in proportion. Fodder is also expensive, green barley fetching twenty shillings, and oat-hay thirty shillings, per one hundred pounds.

The output of gold from South Africa for the year 1887 was nearly a quarter of a million; and considering the short time that most of the Companies have been at work, this may be looked upon as satisfactory. The yield for the present year will, it is estimated, reach one million pounds, but many talk of double that quantity.

In conclusion, it may be as well to point out to persons who contemplate rushing off to these newly-discovered fields, that alluvial gold in payable quantities has not yet been discovered. Any one, however, with a practical knowledge of gold-mining machinery and assaying who is prepared to rough it for a time, might do worse than take his passage for the new southern El Dorado.

THE WORLD.

A PLAYGROUND—oft with clouded skies,
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall cheat, and joys depart
In Life's swift-passing prime.

A BATTLEFIELD where forces meet,
And unseen hosts contend,
With truces all so short, they seem
With the wild strife to blend:
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?

A GRAVEYARD, where on every side
Pale monuments arise,
To show how brief is human life,
How vain is all we prize.
A Graveyard filled by memory,
Where phantoms lightly tread,
But each one points with finger raised
To blue skies overhead.

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

In Memoriam

ROBERT CHAMBERS

BORN 1832. DIED 1888.

It is but five years since we had the melancholy duty of recording in these pages the death of the founder of this *Journal*, Dr William Chambers. To the list of the departed must now be added that of the *Journal's* latest conductor, Mr ROBERT CHAMBERS.

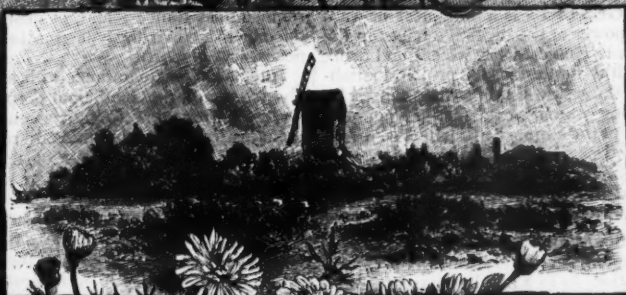
Mr CHAMBERS, who was the eldest son of the late Dr Robert Chambers, had been associated with the work of the firm—of which he was finally the head—for a period of thirty-four years. In all departments of the firm's business he took a keen and intelligent interest; but from 1873, when he and the late Dr William Chambers assumed between them the management of *Chambers's Journal*, his work for many years lay chiefly in this department, with the result of a great and continuous success. Mr Charles E. S. Chambers now succeeds to his father's place in the business of W. & R. CHAMBERS, as conductor of the *Journal*, and head of the firm's various literary enterprises.

The memory of the late ROBERT CHAMBERS will long be cherished by those who were associated with him in the work of the firm, his unvarying courtesy and kindliness of heart being manifested uniformly to all who came in contact with him. Of his goodness and generosity to contributors and others, only those who worked with him can know; for he himself conferred his favours without ostentation or publicity, always accompanied by a few kindly words that made the gift the sweeter to the recipient.

In literary matters, Mr CHAMBERS possessed a quick and sound judgment, having something approaching to an instinct for the kind of literature required. Until within the last two years he constantly identified himself with all the work of the firm—encyclopædic, educational, and artistic; but since then the state of his health had rendered rest and quiet necessary for him. He passed away at his residence in Edinburgh on the evening of Friday, 23d March.

ED.





ALL
who suffer from,
INDIGESTION,
General Debility,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
Dyspepsia,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
Nervous Headaches,
BILIOUSNESS,
Costiveness.

Should use Camomile in its most convenient form.

viz
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

REGISTERED.

TRADE

NORTON'S

MARK.

FOR TESTIMONIALS & OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION, P. T. O.

OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems. Nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Camomile Pills*. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken.

Females at that particular period of life when nature, under certain changes, wants assistance and support, will find them invaluable, taken in doses of four or six Pills every night at bed-time, more or less as required. To youth they will afford the

requisite assistance; and, in doses of two once or twice in a day, will give to age the necessary support.

After a long acquaintance with, and strict observance of, the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems.

Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production. If they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed. This consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

ARE THE MOST CERTAIN PRESERVERS OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID in CASES of INDIGESTION & ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

Sold Everywhere, Price 18½d., 2/6, and 11/.

TESTIMONIALS.

ALNWICK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
13th October, 1885.

To the Proprietors of

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,
London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Having taken your valuable family medicine almost exclusively for over 20 years, during which time I have been engaged in a sedentary and trying business without a week's absence on account of illness, I have great pleasure in testifying to its efficiency in all cases of indigestion, headache, and their attendant evils, and I fully believe if kept in the house and taken in time they rectify the system, and, with ordinary care, ensure good health.

Yours truly,

A DOCTORLESS MAN.

I enclose you my card.

LEYTON, ESSEX,
February 23rd, 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been a great sufferer from indigestion, which made my life almost a burden. I was afraid to eat or drink even the most simple delicacies which make a modern table agreeable; and to such an extent did the disease affect my general health that to render proper attention to business was impossible.

I was recommended to try "Norton's Camomile Pills," which I did, with little hope of relief, but, after taking them for about a week, I felt a change, and by the time I had finished a small bottle I could sleep the night through, and awake in the morning with an appetite for breakfast. I now eat and drink anything that comes in my way, and, by the use of an occasional dose of your valuable Pills, I am enabled to enjoy life thoroughly.

I remain, yours faithfully,

F. GARDNER.

To the Proprietors of

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,
London.

CROYDON,
16th September, 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your Pills (having taken them for a number of years) as a safe family medicine, which, taken regularly, keep the system in a healthy state, and act as a preventive to a great many internal disorders, in addition to which they have the great advantage which many other Pills do not possess, viz., they are not purgative and do not cause any inconvenience.

I enclose my card, and beg to remain,

Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

PATERFAMILIAS.

To the Proprietors of

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,
London.

NAZING, ESSEX.

GENTLEMEN,—Please to send me a large bottle of "Norton's Camomile Pills." For how many years we have taken them I cannot remember, but hope never again to be without them in the house. My husband is never really well without an occasional dose, his digestion not being very strong for sometimes when the weather is very bad a dose will certainly prevent catching cold after great exposure. For myself, suffering as I used from violent headache for days together, I dare not be without them, and I can never be grateful enough for the benefit derived from their use. We have for years given them to the children when out of sorts, and, in fact, seldom, if ever, want a doctor, a consideration in these bad times.—Yours sincerely,

M. TAYLOR.

To the Proprietors of

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,
London.

ST. PAUL'S VICARAGE, MORLEY, LEEDS;

June 14th, 1883.

GENTLEMEN,—I have lately been taking "Norton's Camomile Pills," and have found so much benefit from their use that I would like to make them well known among my parishioners. If, therefore, you care to send me, carriage paid, a parcel of 500 or 1,000 four-page circulars, such as you wrap round the bottles, I will insert them in the July number of my Parish Magazine, free of charge. I send you by this same post a copy of my Magazine with one your circulars enclosed, so that you may see what I mean. The parcel of circulars might be sent per Great Northern Railway, or London and North Western Railway, and should come to hand early next week, as our next number will be published, Saturday, June 23rd. If you accept my offer let me know soon, that I may give the necessary instructions to my publisher.—Yours very truly,

JAMES CROOK,

Vicar of St. Paul's, Morley, Leeds.

BERKELEY, September, 1869.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking "Norton's Camomile Pills." I applied to your Agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable Pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

HENRY ALLPASS.

The Proprietors of NORTON'S PILLS.

GODFREY'S
EXTRACT OF

ELDER FLOWERS

Has long been known for its surprising effect in softening, improving, and preserving the skin, and in rendering the **COMPLEXION** clear and beautiful.

It removes	{	TAN,	{	PIMPLES	
		SUNBURN		It Cures	HUMOURS
		REDNESS.			ERUPTIONS.

AS A TOILET REQUISITE it is unsurpassed.
IN THE NURSERY it is indispensable, giving immediate relief to infants bitten by insects.
GENTLEMEN will find it delightfully soothing after shaving.

Sold Everywhere, price 2s. 9d.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of 50 years.

Its extensive sale has induced **spurious imitations**, in some of which the **outside Label** and the **coloured Paper** enclosing the Packet of Powders, so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a **special caution** against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "**JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey,**" are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in **White Letters on a Red Ground**, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EEs*.

Prepared **ONLY** at Walworth, Surrey, and Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

The Ball-pointed pen is the pen of the age,
'Tis used by the banker, the merchant, the sage;

The Editor joyfully shows from his den,
"Eureka! I've found it, the Ball-pointed pen!"

BALL-POINTED PENS

(H. Hewitt's Patent—Britain, 429; America, 295,395).

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

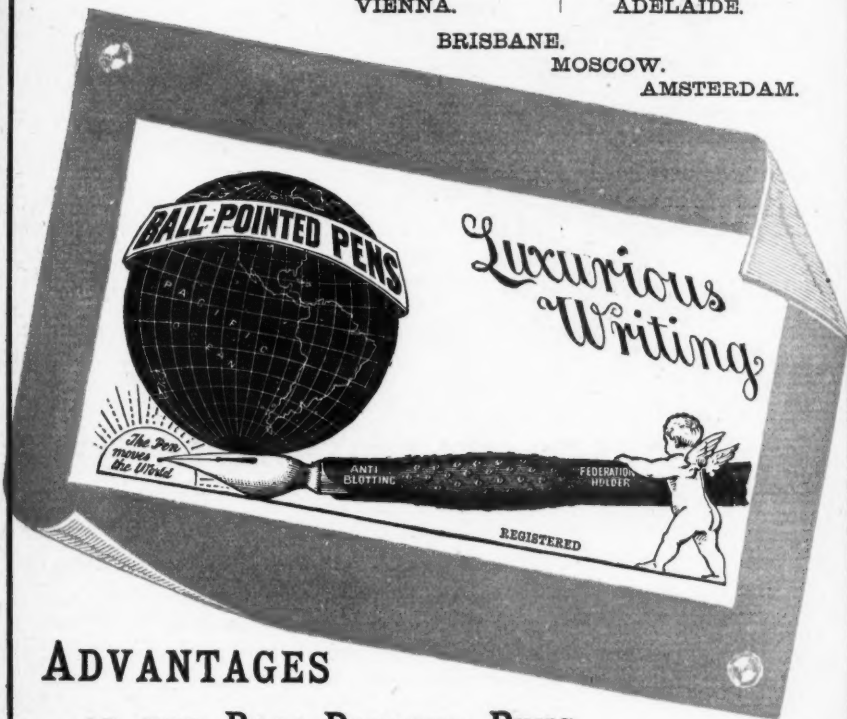
LONDON.
PARIS.
VIENNA.

SYDNEY.
MELBOURNE.
ADELAIDE.

BRISBANE.

MOSCOW.

AMSTERDAM.



ADVANTAGES

OF THE BALL-POINTED PENS.

They are made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, guided by an experience of many years. Mr. Hewitt's Patent is, without doubt, the most important improvement in steel pens since first introduced.

Instead of the extreme point touching the paper, and as is the case with ordinary pens,

frequently scratching and spurring, those made according to this process glide over the paper with a facility impossible to describe. They are suitable for writing in every position, glide over any paper, never scratch nor stick in the paper. This system also strengthens the pen and increases its durability.

ORMISTON & GLASS,

8 ELDER STREET, EDINBURGH.

BALL-POINTED PENS.



506. Falcon.—Medium fine point; suitable for all classes of commercial work. A thoroughly reliable pen.

516^{EF}. Scribe.—Extra fine point. Large ink-holding bowl, obviating frequent dipping. For ledger work or very fine writing

516^F. Bank.—Same pen as above, but with medium fine point. The book-keepers' friend.



521. Ledger.—Broad shouldered; medium point. Capacious and flexible business pen.

526^F. Hawk.—Strong, firm, fine-pointed; suitable for general correspondence and book-work.

526^M. Eagle.—Same as above, but with medium point. For bold or rapid writing this pen is unequalled.



537^M. Jay.—Small; medium point, with reservoir attachment, capable of holding a large supply of ink. Suitable for ladies; also the legal and medical professions.

537^B. Pelican.—Same as above, but with broad point. For antique and other fashionable writing papers—invaluable. Nos. 537^M. and 537^B. may also be had without the reservoir.



545. Stub.—Medium broad point. The many admirers of this shaped pen are recommended to try a "ball-pointed stub," and they will never use any other.

546. James Watt.—Medium point.

MANCHESTER ALUM WORKS, September 22, 1886.

As the largest manufacturers in our line in the world, and constant inventors ourselves, we very much admire your Ball-Pointed Pens, and we consider it certain that ultimately they will displace all other commercial pens. The box you sent us—No. 546—contains just the kind we wanted, and it is quite charming to listen to the quill-like music it makes while running after and keeping up with our thoughts.

P. SPENCE & SONS.

The above Pens are made in fine silver-grey steel, in 6d. and 1/ boxes; also in gross boxes, price 3/.

Electro-Gilt Pens.

Nos. 506, 516^F, 521, 526^M, 537^M, 537^B, may be had electro-gilt, highly finished, equal to gold pens—in 6d. and 1/ boxes; also in gross boxes, price 4/6.

"FEDERATION" FOUNTAIN PENS



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

These possess all the qualities of the ordinary Ball-pointed pens, and in addition have a reservoir or fountain capable of containing a supply of ink sufficient for writing 200 words.

Made with *fine* or *medium* points, in *silver-grey* or *gilt*—in attractive boxes at 1/; also in half-gross boxes, grey, 2/6; gilt, 3/6.

"FEDERATION" PENHOLDERS.

H. HEWITT'S PATENT.—NAME REGISTERED, NO. 55499.



These Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting when laid on the desk, but give a firm and comfortable grip for the fingers.

in Cedar, Rosewood, Ebony, or Polished Bone, price 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.

The Secretary of Royal Bank of Scotland says—"They are excellent for a Bank counter."

A FEW USERS OF THE BALL-POINTED PENS.

OSBORNE, *January 26th, 1885.*—Sir Henry Ponsonby begs leave to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the boxes of patent pens which Messrs. Ormiston & Glass have had the goodness to send here. He has had much pleasure in submitting these pens to the Queen.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, S.W., *27th February 1885.*—Mr. Knollys requests you to send a box of "J" pens, like the sample enclosed (537M), and also a box with *broader nibs* (537N).

MARBLE PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, *21st June 1887.*—Will you kindly send two boxes of pens and two "Federation" holders to H. I. H. the Grand Duke Constantine. Duties will be paid here.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS.
SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL & CO.
ARTHUR & CO., LIMITED, GLASGOW.
COPESTAKE, HUGHES, CRAMPTON & CO.
CROSSE & BLACKWELL, LONDON.
JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD & SONS, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.
LONDON & COUNTY BANK.
ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.
LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY CO.
LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

The above Pens and Penholders are sold by all Stationers throughout the world.

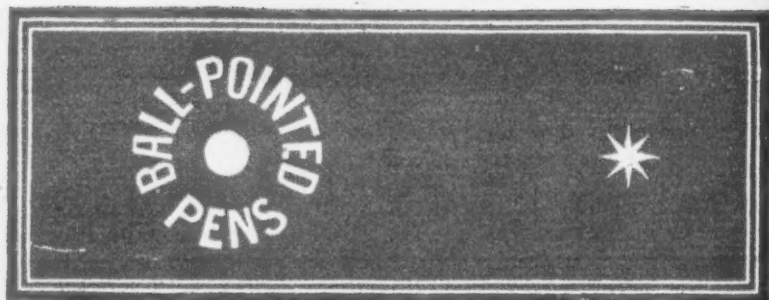
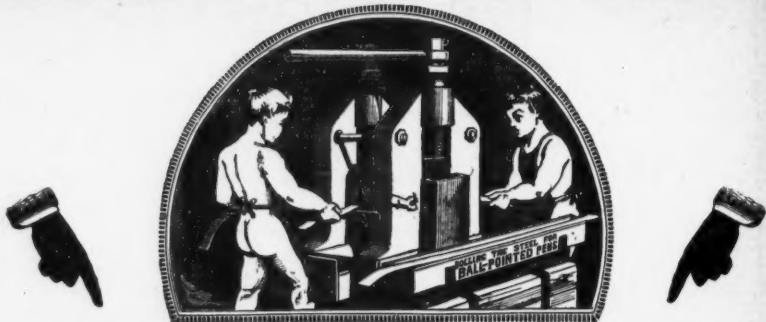
If any difficulty is experienced in getting them, send *One Shilling and Sixpence.*

for which you will receive a 1/ assorted box of Pens, and an

Ebony "Federation" Penholder *Post Free*, from

ORMISTON & GLASS,
8 ELDER STREET, EDINBURGH.

BALL-POINTED PENS



THERE IS A BLIND SPOT IN YOUR EYE.

PROOF.—Shut the left eye, and, at a distance of six inches, look steadily at the centre of the ball in above diagram, when the star will be seen at the same time. Then, still gazing at the ball, remove the paper a few inches, when the star

will entirely disappear from view. It will again appear when further off.

Any person who can disprove the above fact will receive from ORMISTON & GLASS the sum of **Five Guineas**, or its equivalent—**A Box of Ball-Pointed Pens.**



THIS is the only workable patent which has ever been applied to steel pens. None of the turned-up, turned-down, oblique, or other anomalous points, applied to pens, have been or can be patented, as they are simply abortions of manufacture which are soon discarded after trial. There are ten varieties of Ball-Pointed Pens suitable for all classes of writers. Ask your Stationer for **A Shilling Assorted Box,**

AND
Choose a pen to suit your hand.

ORMISTON & GLASS, Edinburgh.

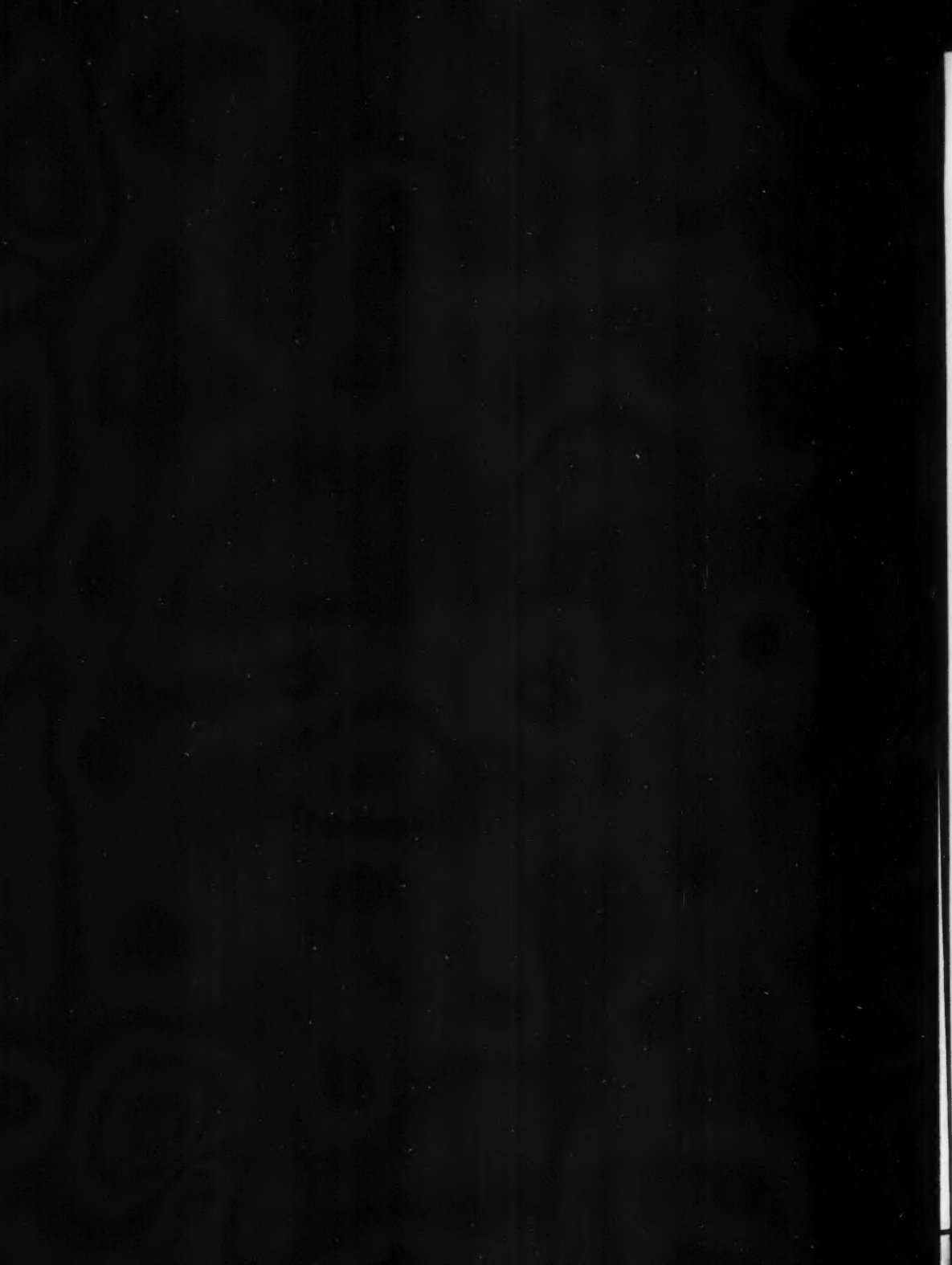
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LATEST ADVANCES IN LIFE INSURANCE.

IN addition to the **Annual Bonus** and **Five-Year Dividend** Policies which the Company issue—plans which are admirably adapted to meet many requirements—they have recently introduced two systems of insurance which specially commend themselves to all who desire the largest possible provision against death, as well as the most remunerative return during life. Each system offers life insurance combined with an investment, and, in the case of the first-mentioned system, practical freedom of action with respect to occupation, residence, and travel after two years. **The first of these systems** is called the

Nonforfeiting Tontine Limited-Endowment Plan,

and under Rate C (20-year period) of this plan an Annual Payment of £40. 10s. *od.* will secure, at age 35, a £1000 Policy, with the guarantee that if death occur within the 20 years, the £1000, together with the total amount of premiums actually paid, will be payable to the beneficiary.

Should the Insured survive the 20 years, a Cash Payment of £500, together with the Tontine Surplus (estimated at £516), will be payable by the Company on surrender of the Policy; or, if preferable, an Annuity for life or a Paid-up Policy may be arranged for.

The second of these systems is called the

Nonforfeiting Tontine Plan, with Limited Premium Return,

and under the 20-year Endowment Table of this plan, an Annual Payment of £58. 9s. 10d. will secure, at age 35, a £1000 Policy, with the guarantee that if death occur within the 20 years, the £1000, together with the total amount of premiums actually paid, will be payable to the beneficiary.

Should the Insured survive the 20 years, a Cash Payment of £1000, together with the Tontine Surplus (estimated at £719), will be payable by the Company on surrender of the Policy; or, if preferred, an Annuity for Life or a Paid-up Policy can be arranged for.

Estimates at any age for these Plans, or for 10 and 15-year Tontine Policies, can be obtained on application.

ANNUITIES.

This Company grants ANNUITIES upon more favourable rates than British Companies, the higher rate of interest obtained by their investments in first-class American securities enabling them to do so.

RATE FOR £100 ANNUITY.

		AGES.					
		50		60		70	
		£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
MALES	...	1,254	18 0	975	0 0	709	18 0
FEMALES	...	1,309	0 0	1,041	4 0	763	4 0

CHIEF OFFICE FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:—

76 & 77, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

J. FISHER SMITH, *General Manager*;

From whom Prospectus, containing full information, can be obtained.

New York Life

ESTABLISHED 1845.

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Conducted under the Official Supervision of the Insurance Department of the Government of the State of New York. Reports deposited annually with the Board of Trade in Great Britain, in accordance with "The Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870."

TRUSTEES FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

With whom is deposited 250,000 Dollars in United States Bonds (for the protection of all Policy Holders and Annuitants) and 100,000 Dollars in the same Bonds (as additional protection for the representatives of deceased Policy Holders), or equal to over £70,000 in all.

THE RIGHT HON. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, M.P., F.R.S.
 FREDERICK FRANCIS, ESQ., *Director London & County Bank.*
 A. H. PHILLPOTTS, ESQ., CARSHALTON, SURREY.

BANKERS: LONDON & COUNTY BANK, 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
 BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, 3, CLEMENT'S LANE, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
 SOLICITORS—MESSRS. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 6, OLD JEWRY, E.C.

LIFE ASSURANCE ONLY. PURELY MUTUAL.

All Profits belong to Policy Holders, and Apportionments are made annually.

STATEMENT for Year ending December 31st, 1896:—

ACCUMULATED FUNDS	£15,416,034
SURPLUS over all Liabilities and Reserve Fund, according to Valuation made by the Government	£3,199,448
INCOME FOR YEAR	£3,874,847

ACTUAL RESULTS.

The following Policies were taken out on the following plan at the London Office of the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (76 & 77, CHEAPSIDE), in 1872, and having matured in 1887, were then paid:—

Plan—15-YEAR ENDOWMENT—15-Year Tontine Investment.


POLICY No.	POLICY AMOUNT.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.	TOTAL AMOUNT PAID BY COMPANY.
	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
91,800	1,000	66 0 5	1,483 15 2
92,442	2,500	166 2 1	3,731 8 5
93,333	500	36 16 7	826 5 2
93,475	500	33 9 7	751 15 7
93,769	1,000	66 19 2	1,503 11 5
93,882	500	33 0 3	741 17 7

NOTE.—The Policy Holder in each case has been insured against death during the fifteen years, and being alive at the maturity of the Policy, received an amount equivalent to the refund of all the premiums paid, with nearly five per cent. compound interest; thus his insurance during the fifteen years cost him nothing.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The following Extract from the NEW PROSPECTUS shows the advantage of effecting a Life Policy on the

DIMINISHING PREMIUM SYSTEM.

N securing a benefit of any kind, it is very desirable that the payments to be made in order to secure it should fall principally on the active and busy years of life. Some even prefer to pay more during these years on condition that the payments should cease altogether in after life.

This end is gained without additional outlay by taking out a Policy on the participating plan of this Company, Series A, the ordinary rate of Premium only being charged. Instead of Bonuses payable at death, reductions of Premium (varying as the Bonuses declared are greater or less than £1. 10s. per cent.) are given, taking effect at the end of successive periods of five years from the date of the Policy. **An Assurance of absolutely fixed amount is thus obtained at the lowest aggregate cash outlay.**

SPECIMEN RATES.

AGE NEXT BIRTHDAY	20	25	30	35
Reduced Payment at end of	Reduced Payment.			
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1st 5 years.	16 18 4	18 1 8	20 0 10	22 12 6
2nd "	16 3 4	17 3 4	18 19 2	21 5 10
3rd "	15 3 4	16 0 0	17 11 8	19 13 4
4th "	13 18 4	14 10 0	15 15 10	17 14 2
5th "	12 5 10	12 12 6	13 14 2	15 5 0
6th "	10 5 0	10 6 8	11 1 8	12 4 2
7th "	7 16 8	7 10 0	7 15 0	8 8 4
8th "	4 15 ^a 0	4 0 0	3 13 4	3 6 8
9th "	1 0 0	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.
ORIGINAL PAYMENT	21 3 4	22 15 0	25 5 0	28 9 2

The above Table shows the reduced payments for an assurance of £1000, on the assumption that the Bonuses on Policies in this series will be declared at the rate of £1. 10s. per cent., as in 1886. If the Bonus for any period should be greater or less than £1. 10s. per cent., the rates of reduction would vary accordingly.

IMPERIAL

SUBSCRIBED
£750,000.
CAPITAL



PERFECT SECURITY.

LIBERAL CONDITIONS.

ACCUMULATED
£1,300,000.
FUNDS



LIFE



OFFICE

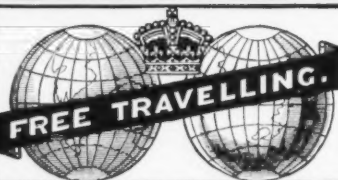


BONUSES
£1,173,000.
DECLARED

LOW RATES.

IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENTS.

CLAIMS
£4,000,000.
PAID



HEAD OFFICE.

1, Old Broad St., E.C.

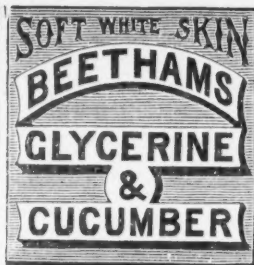
Write for the NEW PROSPECTUS, containing
full description of the Latest Improvements and Newest Features in Life Assurance.



UNEQUALLED FOR INFANTS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS.



8 First-Class Exhibition Awards.
Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession.
"A perfect article of diet, rich in bone and flesh forming properties."
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS,
Sole Makers,
A. & R. SCOTT, Glasgow, Manchester, London.

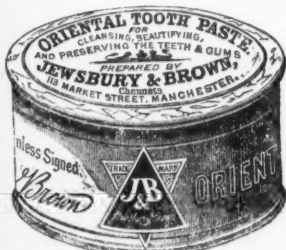


KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND BLOOMING.
It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the Tenderest Infant.
Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d. Of all Chemists and Perfumers.
Any Size free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

Soon renders **THE SKIN**
SOFT, SMOOTH, & WHITE.
Entirely removes and prevents all
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.,
And preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the
SUN, WIND, OR HARD WATER
More effectually than any other known preparation.
No Lady who values her **COMPLEXION** should ever be without it, as it is
INVALUABLE AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR FOR

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits adopting the Title.

WHITE SOUND TEETH, FRAGRANT BREATH, HEALTHY GUMS to OLD AGE.



JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

Oriental Tooth Paste

**CAUTION.—The ONLY GENUINE is signed by
JEWSBURY & BROWN.**

**POTS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All Chemists.
OVER SIXTY YEARS IN USE. CLIMATE PROOF.**

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

WAR!!

"O World!
O men! what are ye and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?"—BYRON.

THE COST OF WAR.—"Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe: I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven."—RICHARD.

"WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?" Outraged Nature. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is louteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering which exists in England year after year."—KINGSLEY. How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventable deaths continue unchecked?

Read Pamphlet entitled **"DUTY"** (on Prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each Bottle of Eno's "Vegetable Moto."

AT HOME—My Household God. ABROAD—My Vade Mecum.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than, *exit Pain*—Richard is himself again." So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:

"When ENO'S SALT betimes you take, no waste of this elixir make, But drain the dregs, and lick the cup of this the perfect pick-me-up."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAŁ, 19th Hussars.—May 26, 1883.—Mr J. C. Eno."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

THE RULING TASTE.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET! When I feel queer, I stop my beer, and takes ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO.'"
—FUN.

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO." (A Stomach or Liver Pill).—This is as simple and natural in its action as tomato, yet as superior to mineral or vegetable mercury (Podophyllin) as vaseline and glycerine are to the ordinary greasy compounds. It is a pure vegetable extract, simple, natural, and certain hepatic (liver) stimulant, or as a laxative, stomachic, blood, brain, nerve, bile, or liver tonic. It will be found everything you could wish for, creating and sustaining a natural action of the stomach, bowels, and biliary secretions, &c.

BILIOUS ATTACKS.—A Gentleman writes: "December 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion."

THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED to give the WISHED-FOR RELIEF. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

WEST INDIES.—"To Mr J. C. Eno.—Please send further supply of your 'Vegetable Moto' to the value of P.O. enclosed (eight shillings); the first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St Kitts, West Indies, 11th October 1887."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO,"

Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—They ought to be kept in every house, and every travelling trunk, in readiness for any emergency.